

# Alma Record.

PUBLISHED BY  
C. F. BROWN.

The Record is entered at the post-office at  
Alma for transmission through the mails as  
Second class matter.

C. F. BROWN, Editor.

FRIDAY, MAR 12, 1897.

**Republican Nomination.**  
For Justice of the Supreme Court—  
CHARLES D. LONG, of Ingham County.  
For Regents of the State University—  
W. J. COCKER, of Hillsdale County.  
C. D. LAWTON, of Van Buren County.

For County School Commissioner—  
O. G. TUTTLE.

**Should be Re-elected**

LANSING, MICH., Feb. 9, 1897.

Mr. C. F. Pike, Perrinton, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I have counted Commissioner O. G. Tuttle of Gratiot county, one of the most sensible, enthusiastic, vigorous, hard-working commissioners in the state. He has devoted heart and brain, time and energy to the educational interests of his county. If good work counts for anything, Mr. Tuttle should have no trouble in securing another term. H. R. PATTENGILL.  
(Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction.)

**Very Satisfactory.**

LANSING, MICH., Feb. 2 1897.

Mr. C. F. Pike, Perrinton, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to certify that, from the standpoint of the State Superintendent, the work of Mr. O. G. Tuttle as commissioner of the schools of Gratiot county has been very satisfactory. He is a good letter writer, is prompt in the making of his reports, and responds cheerfully to the requests made by the head of this department.

Very sincerely yours,  
JAMES E. HAMMOND,  
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

## ATTORNEY GENERAL'S SALARY.

The legislature of this state, with the greatest unanimity, and without party division, have determined to amend the constitution of Michigan, by giving the attorney general a salary for the great and important services that he renders the state. The question now is, will the voters ratify and approve of that which their representatives have done?

It is safe to say that there has not been a legislature assembled at the capital in the last twenty-five years that would not, with an almost unanimous vote, have given the attorney general a larger salary than that which is now named in the proposed amendment, for the simple reason that they, being on the ground, ascertained the true facts of the case, and from those facts they are convinced that, not only does the interests of the state imperatively require the constant and best service of a most able attorney, but that by giving him a living salary, thousands of dollars would be saved to the state each year.

The question now is, as to whether the voters of this state can see what is for their interests and vote accordingly. The single proposition that is submitted to them is this: To compel the lawyer who becomes attorney general to take up his residence, during his term of office, at the seat of government and give all of his time and strength to the duties of his office, and as compensation for such services the state agrees to pay him the sum of \$8,500, which is just one-half of that which each member of the supreme court receives, \$2,500 less than is paid each of the six judges of Wayne county, and \$1,500 less than the prosecuting attorney of Wayne county and the corporation counsel of Detroit receive, respectively, for their services yearly. Or, if this is not done, then the voters must decide to let the matter go on as it has been for the last 40 years—the attorney general receiving no compensation to speak of, residing at his home, attending, for the most part, to his own business, and making the great interests of the state subordinate thereto, or compelling him, without compensation, to give up his entire private practice through the conscientious purpose to discharge well the duties of his high office. On this issue, therefore, there ought not to be a dissenting vote. More and more it is absolutely necessary that the interests of the people should be protected. Constant encroachments, undoubtedly, have been made upon their rights, by those who, finding the field unprotected, have entered in and taken possession thereof.

It is time, as Gov. Rich, in one of his messages to the legislature, said: "By paying the attorney general the insignificant sum of \$900 per year (the same that is paid janitors and messengers), the state is losing enough each year to pay a reasonable salary to four attorney generals, through lack of paying a fair compensation to one." How long will the voters of Michigan "save at the spigot and waste at the bung-hole?"

## President McKinley's Inaugural.

McKinley's inaugural address is sure to command the attention of every thoughtful American and the statesmen of the world. It is a national document rather than merely political. No nation on the globe is without the circle of its importance. Its most notable feature is its fidelity to the author. The inaugural harmony with the fondest ideal of the American people which they have found in Wm. McKinley.

Not the remotest suggestion of the demagogue, nor weakening of fidelity to party principle is found in it, yet from the very beginning it rises grandly above the level of mere party espousal.

The paper may be said to discuss nine distinct subjects beginning with finance and closing with reasons for the call of a special session of congress on March 15th. In the monetary discussion while not outlining any particular plan for financial reform he insists that he as President must maintain the parity of the two metals, irrespective of their intrinsic values and makes a strong plea for bimetalism. The question of revenues and protection is set forth and protection is set forth without undue prominence but in full accord with his convictions.

With a step higher than any President ever took he declares in mild, though meaning terms, that lynching must not be tolerated with our boundaries.

Immigration laws should be passed at once for the protection of our homes in the manner in which he defines his position on this question.

Civil service is touched upon only enough to show that he fully accords with the present law which he supported with a speech and vote when in Congress.

He urges the need of a larger and better equipped merchant marine for carrying on our commerce.

The subject of arbitration is dealt with in a specific manner, showing that the attitude of our nation has always been pacific and urges the passage of the bill now before the senate, a marked contrast to Cleveland's policy four years ago.

Judge Long possesses in high degree all of those qualities and characteristics so essential in a supreme justice; well educated and trained in the profession and practice of law; of keen discrimination and prompt decision; with well grounded opinions of equity and justice, as well as quick discernment of the vital points of law and evidence; a man of deep conviction of right and wrong, of sound integrity, deservedly popular as an individual and an official, with a public record that is above reproach. Add to these his long and varied experience as a jurist, and the people find in him a most desirable and well qualified candidate.

## Communicated.

Editor ALMA RECORD:—In your issue of last week it is announced that Representative Vought in our state legislature favors the repeal of the clause in our game laws prohibiting the sale and barter of game birds, on the ground that it would help some poor fellows to get a living.

After some inquiry through this section we are persuaded that his position is directly contrary to the sentiment of his district.

Repeat this clause and our game birds in this country would practically be at the mercy of some half-dozen men who would devote their whole time to shooting during the open season, instead of being the occasion of legitimate sport and recreation for every lover of forest and field.

Before the clause prohibiting the sale and barter was in force, the market hunters reduced our quail, partridge (ruffed grouse) and woodcock to a minimum, but now birds are reasonably plentiful and will continue to afford good sport for ourselves and children if properly protected, but if their sale and barter is permitted they will soon disappear, for in effect, it will hand over to a few men in every county the wild game in which every son of Michigan has an equal right. And since if the market hunter is turned loose, he will soon exterminate the game and then be obliged to turn his attention to other pursuits for a livelihood, it is better for all concerned that his energies now be directed into other and more productive channels, and the birds left as an inducement to health-giving recreation every autumn to all who are so inclined. A.

**Sanitarium Notes.**  
Miss Agnes Collier Cox, principal of the music department of the Chicago High Schools, is here for a few days rest.

Mr. A. Mickelson who recently suffered a stroke of facial paralysis is at the Sanitarium for treatment.

Dr. Dal and wife of Chicago are spending a few days at "The Alma."

Dr. W. A. Bertless of St. Clair was a guest of Dr. Pettyjohn Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Griggs of Chicago is spending a few days visiting her husband, who is at the institution for treatment.

Ransom Gillis of Detroit visited his daughter over Sunday.

A very pleasant musical was given in the Sanitarium parlors Saturday night, at which Miss Hayes of Detroit sang some beautiful vocal solos. Miss Gott and Mrs. Pettyjohn also assisted with instrumental music.

Mrs. T. W. Roetger and Mrs. F. D. Crane of Mt. Sterling, Ill.; R. Hansen and wife, W. A. S. Graham of Chicago, were registered at the Sanitarium Thursday.

## It Grows

As a cure for constipation and indigestion Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin grows rapidly in favor where introduced. Children love its taste, for it is so pleasant. Trial size 10c. Regular size 50c and \$1.00 of B. S. Webb.

## A HAPPY CLIMAX.

The scene was located in a conservatory of a summer resort cottage on an afternoon when it was too dreary for cycling, strolling or skating. The young lady is alone sitting in a comfortable chair trying to kill time with a novel, when a gentleman who has long known her is announced.

Mavis (starting to her feet and holding out both hands)—Dick!

Dick (smiling and taking both her hands in his)—Mavis!

Mavis—Why, Dick, is it really you?

Dick—It is really I.

Mavis—And you have really made up your mind after all these months to see me again?

Dick—I wanted to see you very much.

Mavis—And you have forgiven me?

Dick—I have nothing to forgive, dear. You did not know. How should you?

Mavis (aside)—I did know, and—and he must know it. (She looks away nervously.)

Come and sit down and talk (pushing forward the chair she had been occupying, taking another for herself). Well, and what made you remember me at last?

Dick (gravely)—I have always remembered you, Mavis, but I came here because I wanted to tell you something.

Mavis (leaning far forward in an endeavor to conceal her face and making a grasp at the book in her lap)—Well!

Dick (noticing only her bright hair shining in the sunlight)—By Jove!

Mavis (having recovered her calmness)—I beg your pardon.

Dick—I beg yours, but—but it looked so pretty with the light shining on it.

Mavis (looking at him astonishedly)—Was that what you wanted to tell me, Dick?

Dick—No, no, of course not. It was something of—of great importance, at least to me. Do you remember our old promise that each would—

Mavis (dropping the book with a clatter)—Oh, yes, yes. Fancy your remembering that old nonsense.

Dick (in a disappointed tone)—Was it nonsense?—I thought it was an under-stand thing, so I—

Mavis (impatiently)—Well, yes, so it was, but tell me your news, quickly. I was always a bundle of curiosity.

Dick—Well, I am hoping to—perpetrate matrimony soon.

Mavis (speaking a little incoherently, but looking with apparently keen interest at the fastening of her pretty suede slipper)—Oh, indeed, this is quite exciting. Dick.

(Then, after the slightest pause.) Hoping, did you say?

Dick—Yes, hoping. I am not engaged yet. I—I don't even know if she will have me, but—but, you see, she does not know yet that I want her.

Mavis (in calm, incisive tone)—A woman always knows when a man loves her.

Dick—Oh, does she?

Mavis (blushing hotly)—At least nearly always. She always (sadly) knows when a man ceases to love her.

Dick—Indeed?

Mavis (hastily)—Dick, is she pretty?

Dick (emphatically)—Very.

Mavis (aside, with a little moan)—Oh, this is too cruel. (Aloud) Of course I do not mean in your eyes. Do others admire her?

Dick—Most certainly they do, and she—

Mavis—Describe her to me bit by bit. Her eyes.

Dick—Gray.

Mavis (aside)—I wonder if they are like mine. (Aloud) Hair?

Dick—Bright brown and curly.

Mavis (bitterly, but with a little laugh)—At all like mine, Dick?

Dick (nodding emphatically)—Yes, just—at least very much like yours. Little loose curls straying about her forehead.

(Adding as a bright afterthought) More like yours used to be.

Mavis (surprisedly puts up her hand and ruffles her hair about her brows a little)—Is she clever?

Dick—Yes, very.

Mavis (murmuring again)—Oh! And does she care very much for you, Dick? (Bending forward and resting her elbow on her knee and her cheek on her hand, so that her face is almost entirely concealed from him.)

Dick—I hope so.

Mavis—It is she, clever, she will make you believe she loves you whether she does or not.

Dick—I have no fear of that. Her cleverness is more likely to take the form of making me think she does not care for me when all the time she—she really has some—some affection for me.

Mavis (with a little catch in her voice and playing nervously with a ribbon of her gown)—That is much harder to keep up for any length of time, she must—be very clever—or very strong. (A pause.) But it is not necessary—in her case—as you—you want to marry her.

Dick (looking wistfully at the pretty head, turned so persistently from him)—But she does not know that yet. (A long pause during which the sun shines more brightly, lighting the whole conservatory and discovering a something that sparkles on Mavis' cheek. Dick rises and comes over to the window, where he stands looking down at the girl. He sees the sparkling drop, but, of course, makes no comment.) You—you have not asked me if I am very fond of her, Mavis.

Mavis (carelessly passing her hand across her face and smudging the tear away so that it leaves a wide wet streak across her cheek, looks up at him, thinking that in the flickering light he will not see her pained eyes and quivering face)—Of course, I understood that, as you want her for your wife. Do you love her very much, Dick?

Dick (who sees her face and eyes distinctly)—Very, very much.

Mavis (clenching her hands involuntarily)—More than you used to me? (Wistfully.)

Dick (gravely)—Yes, little woman, much more. With a deeper—

Mavis (rising and throwing out her hands with a cry that makes Dick's lips quiver)—No, Dick, not that—not that!

Dick (taking her hands)—But it is so, it is so, as I know to my cost. (Then more firmly.) You have not asked me her name yet, Mavis.

Mavis (withdrawing her hands and turning away white and shiny)—I—I don't want to know it, Dick—today. I—I can't bear any more now. I am very tired—

Dick (firmly)—But I must tell you, Mavis.

Mavis (coldly)—Of course, if you insist, I can't prevent you. Go on—be quick, for—

Dick—Her name is Mavis Thorne.

Mavis—Dick!—Exchange.

Every housewife should impress upon the minds of her family that the best sauce for any meat is cheerfulness. Laughter aids digestion, and people should never grumble while eating.

Put a piece of horse radish root into each jar of pickles. The vinegar will retain its strength longer, and the pickles will be less likely to become soft and mold.

## AN AMERICAN POET'S REPLY TO ENGLISH CRITICS.

Of Briggsville and Jacksonville  
I care not now to sing.  
They make me sad and very mad.  
My inmost soul they wring.  
I'll be me back to England,  
And straightway I will go  
To Boxford and to Swatham,  
To Plunger and Loose Hoe.

At Scrooby and at Gonerby,  
At Wighton and at Smeeth,  
At Bottesford and Rumbold,  
I need not grudge my teeth.  
At Swineshead and at Crummock,  
At Silsby and Rylhead,  
Stoke Poges and Wolsoken,  
I will not wish me dead.

At Horbling and at Skidby,  
At Chipping Ongar, too;  
At Bottorpe Stottor and Swops,  
At Skillington and Skew,  
At Puddleton and Blunsdown,  
At Sharncliffe and a Smart,  
At Goleberton and Wrangle,  
I'll soothe this aching heart.

—From "The Poetry of Place Names," Quoted by Professor Brander Matthews in Scribner's.

## VASSAR GIRLS' FOOD.

Immense Quantities of Provisions Devoured at the College.

A New York Mail and Express reporter has discovered a down town house that rejoices in the honor of supplying the sweet Vassar girls with what they eat. It is quite a serious affair, the educated appetites of these young ladies. They have increased steadily the past five years, and the merchant who furnishes "a few figures" says that if the increase goes on it will become necessary to include the daily food purchases of the college in the market reports to see what effect they may have upon prices. This merchant would not give his own personal figures, but he exhibited an annual statement of the college that had just been issued.

What will Boston culture and other things aesthetic say to an army of young women who will so far forget all conventionalism as to eat 125,000 bushels of wheat cakes in one year? Nothing surreptitious about this, either; all done openly and above the table board. Looking along the list, it will be found that the young ladies consumed 250 barrels of flour, 40,000 oranges and lemons, 14,000 bananas, 105,000 quarts of milk, 1,200 bushels of potatoes, 97,000 pounds of fresh meats, 10,000 pounds of smoked meats, 6,000 pounds of chickens, 5,000 pounds of turkeys, 5,000 pounds of fish, 40,000 clams, 165 gallons of oysters, 18,000 pounds of butter and, last but not least, by any means, in a Vassar girl's composition, 32,000 pounds of sugar.

In the above no allowance is made, it will be noticed, for the "stolen fruits," such as forbidden luncheons and candy snacks after retiring, nor is any attention paid to the tea, coffee, vegetables and sweetmeats. Surely these young ladies have educated appetites.

## Keeping a Weathercock.

Old Bartle was a perfect example of the type which sees only the poorest and meanest sides of life and society, and one of his friends, a blacksmith, with a quaint humor, thus accounts, in a conversation with the squire of the English village in which both men lived, for Bartle's idiosyncrasies:

"It's my belief, squire," said Samson, "that there old chap Bartle has a swallow-tailed east wind and it haven't agreed with us."

"Swallow-tailed east wind?" said the squire. "Why so, Samson?"

"Why, how else could he go on as he do? From mornin to night, from one week's end to another, it's nothin but grumble, filget and growl."

"First it's the dreadful accidents, the fires and the murders. Then it's the fever and the strikes. Everything's goin wrong, and there's no good news anywhere."

"Why, bless it, he come into my forge the other mornin, and what's he do but begin foragin about among my tools and puttin them to rights—'makin 'em tidy,' he says—and upstlin things to that degree that every bit of fire went out of the soles and put me all of a cold sweat."

"Be off, Bartle," I says at last. 'Get away out into the sunshine there and take a good drink of that and see if it can't clear all them cobwebs out of your brains.' And with that, squire, away he goes out of the place like a mad March hare!"

"Well done, Samson!" said the squire. "Why so, Samson?"

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